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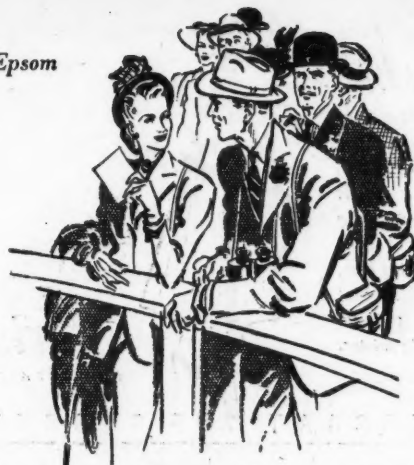


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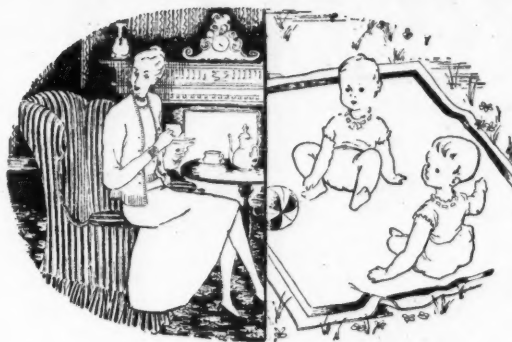
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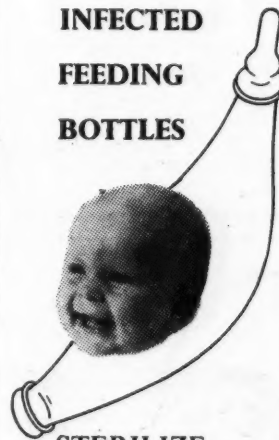
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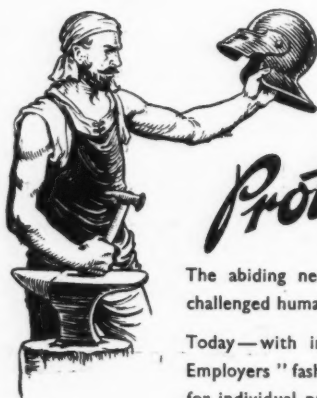
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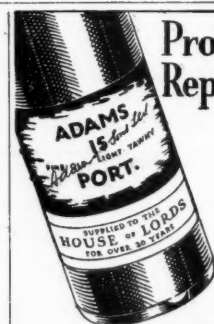
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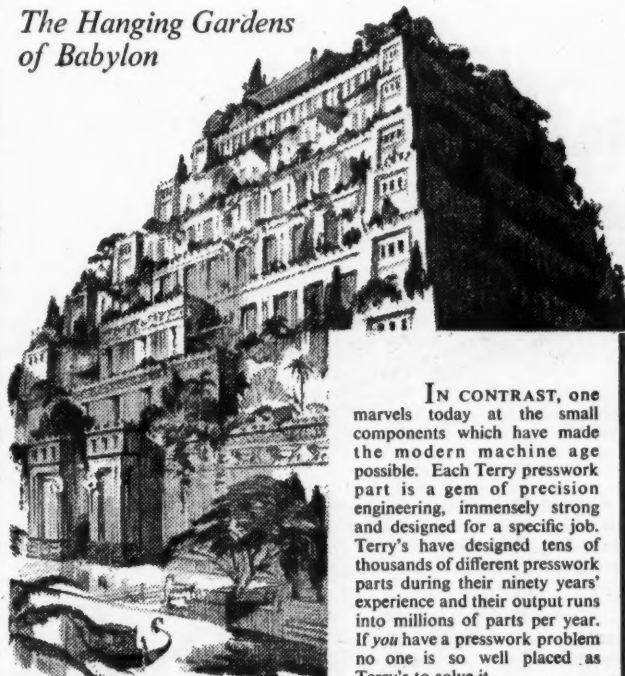
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PUNCH

OR

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXIV No. 5606

May 26 1948

Charivaria

NEITHER in Harley Street nor in Fleet Street is it thought that medical writers will supply their contributions to the Press free of charge as from July 5th.

A member of the Royal Geographical Society says the world is getting warmer. This is a point on which even Foreign Ministers are agreed.

With quiet confidence we await the rural news item that robins have built their nest in a red-painted commercial petrol pump in mistake for a pillar-box.

"Referring to Merthyr's recent refusal to appoint a representative on the association, Col. Green said, 'I do not wish to add fuel to troubled waters.'" — *Western Mail*.

Having no oil?



Don Bradman's career had a quite humble beginning. He started as an ordinary cricketer.

Picturesque Innovation
"VICAR CROWNED MAY QUEEN"
Heading in Hants paper.

Nylon eyelashes are on sale at one and a half guineas a pair. It seems a lot of money, but many women are buying them just to have a flutter.

Many followers of Mr. Attlee look forward to a time when the doctrines of Socialism will have spread throughout the inhibited world.

"Sandwichmen can earn about six pounds a week," claims an M.P. In addition to this they get their board free.



Moscow papers report that the oldest man in Russia died recently at Odessa. In all other countries of course the oldest man is still alive.

Summer is at last definitely in sight, says a correspondent. Any day now there should be a letter from somebody claiming to have heard the last cuckoo.

Marvels of Nature

"DEAR SIR,—I saw in the February edition of *The Tail-Wagger Magazine* a letter from a reader about the unusual birth of puppies to a Labrador bitch. I don't know of a Labrador or any other bitch doing this, though I do know a cat which gave birth to a kitten." — *Letter in "The Tail-Wagger Magazine."*

An entomologist reports a strange metallic-tinted butterfly from Eastern Europe. Can it be that moths are getting into the Iron Curtain?

Now that Russia has agreed to talk things over with America, a door is open again for international slamming.

At a fire in an East Essex fish-and-chip restaurant the officer in charge of the brigade superintended operations in a dinner-jacket, but evening dress is usually optional.



None But the Brave

I DON'T suppose that anybody is so keen on persuading President Truman to start a national home and found a sovereign state in Asia for the Indians of North America as my old friend Battleigh is. Indeed, I don't suppose that anybody except my old friend Battleigh is keen on the idea at all. I can't honestly say that I am. But my old friend Battleigh has so few contacts with the Press and the publishing world that I have promised to present his proposal to the world in the columns of this paper.

I must begin by pointing out that not every schoolboy nor even every schoolgirl knows what has long been common knowledge to anthropologists, namely, that the Indians of the whole American continent came originally from the Old World. They came in small parties by way of the Behring Straits when the water was frozen and the going comparatively good.

Why they went it is rather hard to say, but there seems to have been always a desire to get into the New World from one side or the other, and these people got there first. It did them little good in the end; and Battleigh thinks they ought to go home.

The proof of their origin lies in the fact that there are no fossilized remains of ancient men in America old enough to warrant any other conclusion, and if you try to warrant any other conclusion you simply make a fool of yourself in the presence of all fossilized men.

Another proof is that the Eskimos of North America are almost exactly like their counterparts in the extreme north of Asia: they are the same size and shape and have the same hair and faces and food. This is well known to all students of anthropometry.

I don't know how Battleigh first came to hear of these things. Either he went into a museum at some time or other and found a number of fossilized men, or else perhaps somebody gave him an anthropometer. But as soon as he knew the facts he felt a rekindling of his old enthusiasm for the Indian tribes, a passion he had felt, like most of us, when he was a little boy, and liked to go about with a head-dress of feathers and an embroidered robe and shoot arrows at his uncles and aunts.

The place chosen by Battleigh for the Indian national home is Kamchatka and the country beyond. "They will need an outlet," he says, "to the Pacific." And he thinks that Okhotsk would make a good capital city for the new national home. It would be renamed Port Hiawatha.

He is a romantic of course. He believes in the virtue and the nobility of the Red Indian tribes and is greatly troubled by the injustice they have suffered from the pale-faced men of the West. "Many of the tribes," he says, "have absolutely disappeared," and he proceeds to name them, which I shall certainly not do here.

Impossible to urge on a man like Battleigh the many objections to his proposal. Impossible to convince him that there are many more important problems among the displaced or ill-treated persons in the Old World and the New. A man of more religion and moral fervour, a man with a more practical grasp of politics and history would see in Zionism, or the difficulties of the black races, or in the ruined republics of Western Europe a better outlet for enthusiasm. But he is a Siouxophile from first to last.

"Do you realize," he has said to me, "that the Indians of North America are denied the principal solace of civilization?"

"And that is?"

"They are not allowed to drink gin. Send them back

to their old home in Asia, and they will be able to make as much fire-water as they please."

"But what object would President Truman have in finding them a national home? He would not gain any votes by it, would he?"

"Prestige," he says solemnly. "And the great glory of righting an ancient wrong."

"Suppose they don't want to go back?"

"They would when the matter was properly explained to them. I would lead them myself across the Behring Sea."

"It would be terribly cold."

"We should soon acclimatize ourselves."

Evidently my old friend Battleigh sees himself as a sort of great White Eagle leading a vast trek with wigwams, paposes and squaws into the more desolate portions of Siberia.

"And what do you think would be the reactions of the U.S.S.R.?"

"I feel certain that Stalin would welcome the idea. The acquisition of a new band of immigrants, hardy, enterprising and courageous, would strike a sympathetic chord in his heart. And the bridge between the Old World and the New might eventually prove the means of cementing universal peace among all men, whatever the colour of their skins."

"I suppose they would be admitted to the United Nations?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"How large a population do you envisage for your Red Indian State?"

"I wish you wouldn't call them Red Indians. They are only red because they paint themselves, as our white women do. They are really brown."

"I don't think many of them would make the expedition."

"Only a few hundreds perhaps at first. But the numbers would grow as their industries prospered."

"What industries?"

"Fishing and hunting and pipe-smoking and growing maize."

"Does one grow maize at Okhotsk?"

"It is too early to press for details. The important thing is to insist on the essential justice of the scheme."

"It would cost a great deal of money."

My old friend Battleigh freely admits that this is true. But he always settles this part of the argument by finishing the quotation of which I have employed the first four words as the title of this essay.

"None but the brave deserves the fare."

EVOE.

A MILLION-POUND APPEAL

Among the Appeals deserving of our readers' goodwill there is none more urgent and important than the British Empire Cancer Campaign, which is concerned in all possible ways with the organization of research into the cause and cure of this most dreaded disease. Thousands have already benefited from the work of the Campaign in the way of early diagnosis, advice and treatment; much has still to be done, and your interest and support are asked in the special Appeal for a million pounds which has been launched in this, the Campaign's Twenty-fifth Anniversary year. Inquiries or gifts should be sent to the Appeals Secretary, British Empire Cancer Campaign, 11 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.



QUEUE FOR NUMBER ONE

[Suggested by the results of the voting at the Annual Conference of the Labour Party last week.]



"I hope we get in soon—it's getting late for his lunch."

The Garden

EVERY now and then I like to tell my readers something about the garden department of life, and this time I shall begin with garden furniture, a term applying equally to striped hammocks and old kitchen chairs it is not worth bringing in at night. The striped hammock occurs in big shops and is noted for the blueness and yellowness of its stripes, the scallops along the top and the trestles at each end; it is as theoretical as anything can be that takes up nine feet of space. The traditional hammock, a net slung from tree to tree and fallen out of, is pretty theoretical too, being met mainly in jokes; and I shall be getting nearer real life if I go on to tables and chairs.

Garden chairs consist of deck-chairs, upright canvas chairs and recruitments from indoors. Indoor chairs are staggered out with, the staggerer behaving as clumsily as anyone carrying any chair anywhere, the trouble being—I don't think the onlookers quite realize this—that a person carrying a chair is prevented from seeing into the future by four chair-legs. Deck-chairs fold up, everyone knows how, and so do upright canvas chairs, but only those who give the matter a few seconds' thought will remember that when folding an upright chair the squeeze which finally brings it together was no different from the squeezes which did nothing at all. People who sit in upright chairs are wont to declare that they prefer them, and this may or may not be true but is usually consistent with the rest of their lives—their tendency to relinquish padded coat-hangers, to help

themselves to the filets of plaice with the dark outsides and so on. As for tables, either they are the professional outdoor kind, pale, touched with moss and indifferent to rain, or they are little tea-tables with hinged flaps, carried out like the chairs and the cause of someone having banged a hand. The only other bit of garden furniture I want to mention is the huge highly-coloured umbrella which gives the chance of an awfully inevitable joke about open-air cafés, and a goodish patch of shade not quite where the putters-up were aiming.

MANY a garden has along to one end a clucking and a brown darting which denotes that it keeps hens; and I should like to say a few words about these remarkable creatures. Hens are large tapering birds running hither and thither with their heads jerking in time to their feet, but farther. They live on the most dreadful-looking stuff of which hen-keepers, while being grateful that they themselves are not hens, take a special hen-keeping view, thinking as they pound the bucket that someone is going to get a lovely feed. Hens are of many makes and colours, the best-known make being Buff Orpington and the best-known colour rust, but it takes a bit of hen-keeping to know if one is the other. Hens have the smallest possible heads—a mere tidying off of the neck—a fact which their public did not notice until it started calling them stupid (this was possibly about the time people began being clever about the Albert Memorial), and anyone experiencing an

extra wave of dislike for the hen world can get a certain quiet malicious pleasure by standing and looking at a hen's head. It has no effect on the hen. The point about hens, however, is that they lay eggs, sometimes as often as they are supposed to, sometimes even more; and psychologists say that what with the things people think about their hens when they lay eggs and the things they think about them anyhow, mankind's attitude to the hen world levels out to being fair enough, if unsentimental. Getting back to gardens, I would sum up the effect of hens on the gardens they live in as taking up space, clucking atmospherically and sometimes escaping, an occasion when they can dart to the limit of their powers and when anyone seeing them from the front will notice the abandon with which they fling themselves from one leg to the other.

FAR fewer gardens have south walls than hens, but thinking pleasurably about south walls has its own small niche in the world and produces a mellow though stereotyped

picture of right-angled branches and bits of old webbing. The thing about south walls is peaches, and the thing about peaches is how many people say they like nectarines even better; I mean when making conversation, not when being offered a peach. There is one other mental picture I must mention here; that of a potting-shed, which anyone not in touch with an example in good repair tends to imagine as a lot of old planks nailed together anyhow. Philologists say this is the fault of the word "shed," which has splinters and a corrugated iron roof. It is a small point, but one which writers about high life wishing to make a good impression with the kitchen garden will do well to remember.

My last word will be on the people who take the things in at the end of a fine day. What with the chairs and the cushions and the papers this may amount almost to housework, but it has its reward in a benign and poetic mood which my readers will agree they can make the most of; or would it if it were not for the cushions they are about to drop.

ANDE.

Rattle

AT 10.30 precisely I climbed into my bed at the Boar Hotel at Port-haven. A conscience of almost unparalleled clarity enables me, as a general rule, to sink at once into a deep and innocent sleep, and by 10.34 I was already in sight of a quite interesting dream about Sympson being Prime Minister and launching a ship in plus-fours and a silk hat. At 10.35 the window rattled.

As usual in such cases I immediately became fully awake and waited tensely for the next rattle. It came when I had counted up to two hundred and fourteen. The third rattle came when I had counted up to three hundred and eleven, and I switched on the light and got out of bed.

There were three windows altogether, the old-fashioned sort that go up and down in some mysterious way by means of things called sash-cords. I examined each window carefully to find out which of them was the probable offender, but they seemed much of a muchness, so I draped the eider-down quilt round me and sat on a chair by the windows waiting to catch the rattler in the act. I counted up to seven thousand without any rattling happening and then went back to bed and turned out the light.

Fifteen seconds later the window rattled again. A sharp, short, jeering rattle that roused my fighting blood. My turning out the light had been a mere subterfuge to deceive the windows into thinking I was off guard, while all the time my ears had been cocked to identify the criminal. I was pretty sure that it was the middle one.

I leaped out of bed again, and found seven pennies in my trousers pocket.

These I pressed into the gap between the upper and lower halves of the middle window and then shook the window to see if it was tight. All the pennies fell down into the street below.

Next I took the lace out of my left shoe and tied the two halves of the brass "catch" firmly together and then sought for some pieces of paper to replace the lost pennies. Usually my pockets are full of bills and other odd scraps of paper admirably designed for padding windows, but I could find nothing but a card inviting me to a cocktail party, seventeen bus tickets, and a pamphlet called "Are You Ready For Hell Fire?" which had been given me free of charge by an obliging young man with a limp moustache on my way from the station.

The bus tickets tended to slip through and join the pennies, but the cocktail invitation was on shiny thin cardboard and made an excellent wedge, while "Are You Ready For Hell Fire?" was grand stuff. Far from scamping his work, the author had run to ten quite large pages, and as I stuffed up the cracks at the side of the window I felt a warm flush of gratitude for his zeal.

At 11.5 I returned to bed and at 11.7 the left-hand window, which appeared to have been the offender all the time, gave a hearty rattle. This time I used my tooth-brush for a wedge and tied up the brass catch with the lace from my right shoe, and used match-stalks for the sides of the window instead of paper. I was conscious that I was running dangerously short of materials and it was with a feeling of grim foreboding that I returned to bed at 11.35. If the third

window should start rattling I had nothing left but the cord of my pyjamas for tying up the "catch," and long and bitter experience has taught me that there are few more difficult tasks than to stand with dignity in front of a curtainless window trying to tie up a brass "catch" with one hand while the other keeps one's pyjama-trousers *in situ*.

The third window tried hard to play the game. It gave me ten clear minutes, and Sympson was already beginning to dance a horn-pipe in a new Technicolor version of my original dream when the blow fell. This time the rattle was mild and almost apologetic, but I know when I am beaten.

I gathered the eiderdown quilt about me, picked up a couple of pillows, and retired in good order to the smoking-room downstairs, where I spent a contorted but rattle-free night suspended between a couple of big arm-chairs.

D. H. B.

Hybridity

I SHOULD not be at all surprised if such a word as *televised* Should come to be replaced at last By a much worse one—*telecast*.

J. B. N.

"IN PRAISE OF THE W.V.S.

Owing to a mis-reading of the letter which appeared under this heading in our last issue the phrase 'I cannot speak too highly of the tea' was printed as 'I cannot speak so highly of the tea.'—*Essex paper*. Quite sure the heading was right!

At the Pictures

Hamlet—Daybreak—The Fatal Night

WELL, at least—writing so long after the first impact of *Hamlet* (Director: LAURENCE OLIVIER) on an interested London—at least, I need not feel called upon to discuss the interpretation of the part; if you had any

could possibly fail to upset you. I can honestly say I enjoyed the picture and would see it again, now, with pleasure; it is something that has never been done before, it seems to me to have been well worth doing, and to compare

it with stage productions I think is very largely irrelevant. If you want the classic Shakespeare play don't go to see the film; the film makes its own standards, it is an experience in a different part of the mind. Would you damn Verdi's *Otello* (for instance) on the ground that it alters Shakespeare? Do you think those works by Mozart and Tchaikovsky and Chopin have been irretrievably harmed in themselves by being made into popular songs? . . . I do seem to be arguing after all—the temptation is very great. My recommendation is that you should forget all the argument and see the film for the pleasure it will almost certainly give you. The most unexpected quality about it

playing to give the familiar story a haunting quality, an "atmosphere" such as one very seldom finds in any film. One could argue (people are arguing) endlessly about details—I don't think the bleached hair was worth the trouble, and I believe the inclusion of flashbacks for the pirate-ship incident and *Ophelia's* drowning was a mistake—but I insist that *Hamlet* is a film we can enjoy and be proud of.

It would be easy to make *Daybreak* (Director: COMPTON BENNETT) sound like a little heap of conscientious gloom. Seeing it summarized elsewhere (as no doubt by this time it has been) plenty of people will conclude from the mere description of the personages, from the mere statement of what happens to them, that the film must be one of the most depressing ever turned out. And yet this "triangle" tragedy, in outline conventional, about a professional hangman who keeps his job secret from his young wife, contrives to be very far from depressing. The reason I believe lies almost entirely in two things: the unobtrusive excellence of the playing, and the continual interest, authenticity and humour of the detail. There is often too a pleasantly designed pictorial shot, for the comparatively few filmgoers willing to notice such things: silhouettes of men and barges against a misty river at night—obvious, perhaps, but effective. The film is slightly less than average length and was probably not expensive to make; it is an object-lesson in what can be done when you have good players (the principals are ERIC PORTMAN and ANN TODD, but many of the "bit" people are just as satisfying—notably BILL OWEN), an intelligent script, and a director with an eye for detail.

It's probably unwise of me to try, in this last inch or two, to say something about *The Fatal Night* (Director: MARIO ZAMPI). This is a very unpretentious little British effort at something hardly ever done: the filming of a short story. I am not recommending it; it is not smoothly made, there are amateurish spots, the sound reproduction isn't all it might be—but the real thing wrong seems to be the original story, a mechanical, uninspired shocker by MICHAEL ARLEN called "The Gentleman From America," about a bet and a haunted room. Given a real story, with some real characters, these capable players and this competent director might do well; *The Fatal Night* is more interesting for the possibilities it suggests than for what it is.

R. M.



J.H. Dowd

[Hamlet]

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

Hamlet LAURENCE OLIVIER
and the Ghost

view or prejudices about that you have already taken up your stand, you have been given stacks of information against which to test them. You know already, too, whether or not you are deeply resentful at such things as the cutting out of Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Fortinbras and the two "O" speeches ("what a rogue," and "what a noble mind"). If you do much resent the excisions, I would only ask you to consider whether your resentment springs from an emotional respect for the classically accepted version of the play—the play—by SHAKESPEARE, and whether any conceivable film version

as a whole is perhaps that it turns out to be quite absorbing as sheer narrative. *Henry V* could make its popular appeal on spectacle and action; in *Hamlet* there is, to be sure, the excitement of the duel scene—very exciting it is too, and admirably presented—but before that the impression has to be of dark and ominous self-communings, hardly the sort of thing (one would have thought) to hold the ordinary filmgoer's interest. Yet imaginative use of the camera and of sound (the continual wash of the sea below the castle, the peridical chime of a clock) combine with skilled

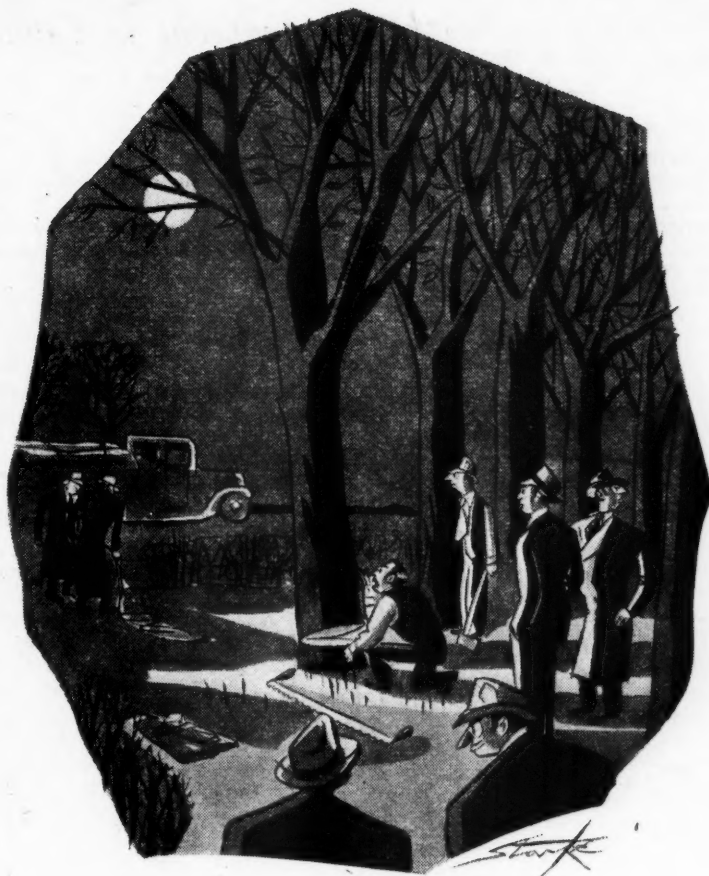
Mr. Peabody's Cricketers

AMONG Compton's achievements last season is one of which he is certainly not aware. He has been admitted to Mr. Peabody's selected list of Cricketers. Mr. Peabody, a venerable schoolmaster, has for many years past graded those who play cricket for country or county. The lowest grade and the one which houses the vast majority of players is "those fellers": with luck and skill a batsman or bowler becomes "well enough," but when Mr. Peabody admits that a man is a Cricketer that man is translated to an Olympus presided over by Dr. Grace, a host of ancients and some (but not many) of the more modern exponents of the game.

But what, it may be asked, is the precise significance, the tangible reward of becoming one of Mr. Peabody's cricketers? The recipient of the honour receives no blazer, no cap; he does not even get a scroll or a graceful letter from Mr. Peabody. *Wisden* makes no mention of this signal distinction. What, then? Well, henceforth his name will be pronounced in conversation by Mr. Peabody as it should be, for Mr. Peabody, with a high and, maybe, deliberate scorn finds difficulty in remembering the exact names of "those fellers," and even those who are "well enough" are treated with little greater accuracy. Thus, when Arthur Fagg, of Kent, scored two double-centuries in a county match Mr. Peabody pronounced that "that young Fogg was well enough."

There are other stringent regulations for admission. Mr. Peabody considers that the Scots are no sort of cricketers, and holds all Australians in poor esteem. For this reason, such as Macartney, McCabe, Gregory and Macdonald who might justifiably qualify for inclusion are omitted on two counts. Mr. Peabody prefers not to refer to them at all, though he has been heard to compare Maccabee unfavourably with his compatriot Trumpeter. Of Woodford's captaincy he had the lowest opinion, and even when "that Australian feller Bradfield, Bradbury, what's-his-name?" was scoring century after century Mr. Peabody would not have it that he was in the same class as John Berry Hobbs. (Hobbs is always accorded the honour of his two Christian names.)

Few, indeed, of one's contemporaries have joined this exclusive band. Besides Hobbs, Woolley of course, and



"P-s-s-t! Timber!"

Hammond and Sutcliffe did. Hirst, Rhodes and Jardine are others. Lar-bury became Larwood fairly soon but his county mate remained Voice and Ames is still James. Hutton graduated from "young Dutton (or Sutton or Hatton)" after a certain momentous Test Match at the Oval. Evans, the stumper, keeps "well enough," but any Welsh name is adequate for him at the moment, and he may be alternately Jones or Davis.

And now Compton, D. It is not entirely his three thousand five hundred-odd runs or his seventeen centuries, because Mr. Peabody has taken leave to doubt whether the great doctor would ever have lost his wicket against the bowling of to-day. Mr. Peabody held out for a long time before ceasing to pronounce the name of Compton as though spelt with an "s" in the middle like the famous golfer's, or even at times with an "t" as though he had invented the Mule. But, at last, he has yielded and Denis joins the immortals.

But what of his partner, Bill Edrich? Is he not to accompany Compton to the heights? Alas, two promotions in a season would be setting a dangerous precedent. "This feller Edridge" must wait another year, but he's "well enough, he's well enough."

Refreshment-Room Planning?

"SANDWICHES FOR STRENGTH
Point is given to current exploration of the field of new structural material by a brochure 'The Advantages of Sandwich Construction,' issued by — Ltd., on behalf of the — Rubber Co."

"Commercial Motor."

Impending Apology

"MARINA, PENARTH, TO-NIGHT
RESERVED FOR GLAMORGANSHIRE GOLF CLUB ANNUAL DANCE."

To-morrow Night, as usual, the Nice People will Dance at the Marina Ballroom."

Advt. in "South Wales Echo."

An Innocent in Canada

III—Ottawa, Please

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondent is visiting Canada for a few weeks.)

IF there is a more respectable and well-mannered city than Ottawa it must have two halos. Ottawa is so pure, or "square" as the Americans say, that oleomargarine wouldn't melt in its mouth even if it had the chance. No doubt this decency and decorum is to some extent imposed by civic authorities anxious to set Canada

version of the tower of Big Ben and contains a fine fifty-three-bell carillon. At my first concert I heard an excellent rendering of "In a Monastery Garden." When "Monty" was the visitor the hit-tune was "Lili Marlene."

Parliament Hill is richly decorated with lawns and statues. The tallest statue is that of Queen Victoria: the most notable in many ways is that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Sir Wilfrid stands like St. Francis, surrounded, even festooned, with birds. Flocks of them come to the statue to enjoy the fattest worms on the Hill and to admire the earliest and prettiest crocuses. They know nothing, these paunchy, orange-breasted thrushes, which the Canadians call robins, of the heating-pipe that runs under the lawn and alongside the statue.

And now let us take a look inside Parliament Building. Pausing to admire the clever placing of the George III portrait (right behind a massive pillar, where it remains unobserved by American visitors) and the extravagant fan-vaulting of the Hall of Confederation, we make our way to the House of Commons. Only a bare quorum of the two hundred and fifty-five members is present for the concluding stages of a debate on external affairs, and only the



a good example, but the inhabitants show no sign of distress or unrest. On the contrary, they seem to take an unnatural delight in exceeding their daily quota of politeness and good deeds. There may be a darker side to all this—some sinister escape from propriety through graft or hanky-panky—but I doubt it.

At the Château Laurier, a magnificent hotel only a stone's throw from Parliament Hill (not that anybody would ever throw a stone), the Beverage Room is "open daily except Sundays and certain holidays." So is the Jasper cocktail lounge and the swimming-pool. In the public squares there are notices carrying the single word or injunction "PLEASE." I never pass them without blushing. They mean, I suppose, "Please refrain from any unseemly conduct that you may be contemplating." They mean all those nasty things that we in Britain must specify accurately—No Spitting, Keep Off the Grass, No Litter, etc. In Ottawa the merest reminder is quite enough.

Just across the cascading Ottawa river lies the Province of Quebec and the town of Hull. I have an idea that Ottawa is a little bit ashamed of Hull and would like to reform it, change the naughty-sounding "rues" into honest "streets" and close down the handful of somewhat shabby but innocent night-clubs. Hull would probably reply that the dirt under its carpet blew in from Ottawa. Anyway, Hull's river-front offers easily the best view of Parliament Hill with its cluster of handsome chateau-gothic buildings. Really handsome, inside and out. In many ways the Senate and the House of Commons, like their procedure, are modelled on Westminster. The Peace Tower is a slender



George III, the portrait by Reynolds

official scribes seem to be listening to the speaker. From the gallery we hear only an amorphous echo of a voice (the acoustics are dreadful), but we can study the members, seated in pairs as in a schoolroom, as they glance through their newspapers or write long letters to their constituencies.

We can also study the official "Orders of the Day" or "Ordre du Jour," and sample in two languages the questions put to the Government.

Question No. 1 looks very familiar: "What are the names of all individuals who assisted in any way in the wording or drawing up of the Prairie Farmers' Income Tax Guide? Have any of these individuals at any time changed their names? ... Have any of these individuals received training at the London (England) School of Economics ...?" The second question looks rather more exciting in French: "Quel est le montant des profits réalisés à la suite de la vente des boissons alcooliques dans les Territoires du Nord-Ouest, pour chacune des deux dernières années ..."

At our next sitting we hear the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King (fresh from his victory over Walpole in the Commonwealth Premiers long-distance stakes), supporting the idea of a national theatre for Canada; we hear the Senators turn down a proposal to abolish the "no margarine" laws; and, in snatches, we hear the member for Kootenay West lay the blame for most things squarely if not fairly on the shoulders of the United States. Why? Well, dare I suggest that since Canadians are only human they must have somebody to blame for the mess that Britain's economic crisis has got them into? I dare. You see, Canada hardly knows which way to turn—to the south, to a more profitable but more speculative trade with the U.S.A., or to the east, to a less profitable and perhaps less risky trade with Britain and the rest of Europe. At the moment Britain is getting Canadian goods at bargain prices. The foodstuffs of the prairies are directed to the British table even though they could earn much higher prices south of the border in "almighty," as distinct from Canadian, dollars. This generosity is partly explained by Canada's anxiety to rid the prairies of instability, to avoid the fearful depressions of the years between the wars. Can the British market supply that stability? And at what price? Canada wants to know, and has a right to know pretty quickly, before too many more of those precious American dollars have gone begging.

Canada's help to Britain is not always appreciated as it should be—partly because the Canadians are among the most reserved people on earth, and partly because their voices are drowned anyway by their more numerous and more valuable neighbours. People in Britain should remember that Canada's pre-Marshall Aid loan was five times as great, per head of population, as the notorious American Loan. And they should not imagine that Canadian food for Europe represents the crumbs from the rich man's table. "Now it's a sandwich and a soda," says the *Evening Citizen*, "where before it used to be a full-course lunch. But those who live close enough are giving that up and saving a bit by walking home. ... We go on for a stretch and we wonder what's wrong with our meals. Then all of a sudden for a few days we have standing-room only ... and people quit eating out of paper bags. ..."

But let me get back to the model capital. There is probably a story of hard times behind the advertisement: "England's Eton College boy's suit, 3-piece, for ten years old. Ideal for attendant to wedding's flower girl. Box —."

See, how does the famous Eton floral song go? And surely the number of items in the Lost-Found columns points to an exceptional degree of civic probity: or do people lose things here for the sheer joy of rewarding the finders?

"Horse, bay, lost vicinity Billing's Bridge. Box —."
• A short session with an authoritative *History* has given me a clue to Ottawa's real character. Just the clue I needed. "In the summer of 1857," says the chronicler,

"Sir Edward and Lady Head ... having paid a visit to Ottawa, were entertained ... at luncheon under canvas on Major's Hill. The weather was fine and the scenery beautiful. Her excellency made a sketch of the landscape which she sent to Her Majesty, who always treated her as a personal friend.

"In the middle of January, 1858, the Governor-General was officially informed that Queen Victoria had chosen



"The acoustics are dreadful."

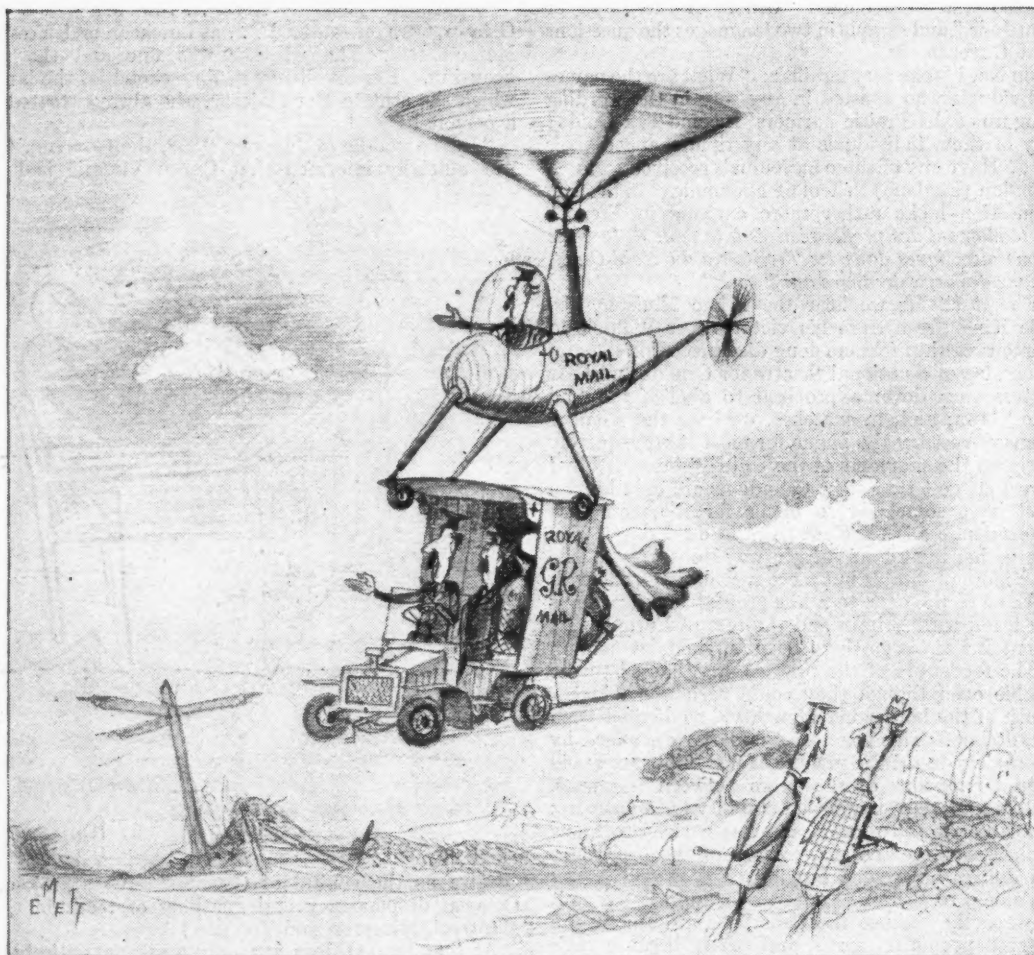
Ottawa as the capital of Canada." (Great rejoicing in Ottawa, despondency and gnashing of teeth in Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto.)

At that time Ottawa was only a village, entirely undistinguished except as the terminal of the Rideau Canal, which was constructed on the advice of the great Duke of Wellington as a measure of defence against the U.S.A. Naturally enough, Ottawa was grateful to the good Queen, and as a mark of its gratitude and respect has endeavoured to walk ever since in her path of righteousness and slightly stuffy correctness. That is *my* theory, anyway, to account for the odour of antimacassar in the Senate, the closing of the swimming-pool on Sundays and public holidays, and the beatific smiles on the faces of the Daughters of Canada.

Some day, when its population tops the 200,000 mark perhaps, Ottawa will need replanning. They'll have to move the Union Station from the centre of the city and stop the engines from coughing into the Château Laurier: they'll have to widen the traffic bottle-neck in Confederation Square and restore the Lovers' Walk around the bluff of Parliament Hill. But I hope they won't tamper with the acoustics of the House of Commons. As a local reporter put it to the innocent: "Suppose the acoustics of *your* House of Commons were as bad as this!"
HOD.

Ingenious Raconteur

LAST autumn's chestnuts, rather *passées*,
He now presents as *marrons glacés*.



"It's always best to accustom the public to new-fangled ideas by degrees."

The Trees in May

TREES live in light:
 air rounds their limbs
 and laves
 their leaves with light;
 light flows in subtle waves
 along each branch,
 engulfs each leaf that swims
 in currents of light,
 or floats as the wink-eyed minnows
 poise in the shallows before they flick
 away.

Loveliest they are
 on a light-drowned day of May

when the air sweetly swills
 their being in light whose purest essence fills
 their treeness as the spirit sometimes brims
 our own humanity.

Dusk gives a stereoscopic quality,
 a spell-like grave
 enchantment as the light
 gives its own spirit to Night
 as joyously
 as every tree
 leans, in the morning,
 away from the ebbing dark
 into the fountain-welling flood of light. R. C. S.



THE ADOPTED CHILD

Discord in the Deep

THE lot of man is harsh and hard
And, though a thing of stubborn mould,
I've often, like a brother bard,
Wished I could be a "merman bold."

Not that the thrill of being wet
Is classed among my larger joys;
The sole idea was to get
Out of this everlasting noise.

Down on the ocean floor to dwell
Where all around is still and calm
Should breed, I thought, the mental
spell
That's termed poetically Balm.

Such was my dream. 'Twas sweet,
you'll own,
Till Science, ever on the go,

By an inquiring hydrophone
Explored the region down below.

And is it calm, you ask, and still?
A ceaseless din of screams and
boos,
Myriads of voices, hoarse and shrill,
Hooting and honking, roars and
moos,

From hake and haddock, whale and
sprat,
For ever fill the ambient sea,
And how they make a shine like
that,
Reader, is one too much for me.

The dream has gone, as oft of old,
And one stern fact alone is clear:
I would *not* be a merman bold
With fishes yelling in my ear.

DUM-DUM.

The Cosmic Mess

AIR-TRAVELLERS over West London must not be surprised if they see an angry citizen in a small garden gazing at them through field-glasses—or even a sextant. It will be this column, no less. At present they need not be alarmed: but one day this column may get a gun. It is conducting a lone and probably futile campaign against the Arrogance of the Aeroplane. It has complained before that, though Progress roars ahead in all directions, nothing seems to be done about the noise of aeroplanes. Faster—bigger—higher—"pressurized" and peopled with delicious hostesses they may be: but quieter, never. This seems to be taken for granted. But imagine what anger there would be if motor-cars went about making only a quarter of the noise an air-thing makes!

All right, then—nothing can be done. This column thought that would be the answer. But, in that case, surely, the wretched things should be more careful where they go. They should cross large towns when necessary only, and then at a tremendous height. They should *never* fly low over West London. This column lives just inside the London County Council area. The neighbourhood had more than its fair share of bombs, doodle-bugs and rockets. It does not see why it should have rude and reminiscent noises flying over it, at all hours of the day and night, and flying low, very often, in

clear weather as well as thick. A doctor who works, and operates, in a hospital a mile or two to the west of this column, says that many times a day he has to put his stethoscope down and wait till the Noise has gone by. From time to time there is a real chimney-scraper. The menacing roar is the same that made us say in the old days: "Careful! that doodle-bug is coming into the bathroom window." All the old ladies wake up in their beds and tremble. Why should this be? We are not next-door to an air-field. The nearest are Northolt and Heathrow, many miles away.

So this column runs out with its glasses and takes the number of the things. Sometimes it runs out with a sextant and takes the vertical angles of the things (to get the height). This is difficult, and must be followed by fatiguing sums in trigonometry. The last time there was a real chimney-shaker at night (2.0 A.M.) this column acted at last. It wrote severely to the Minister for Civil Aviation, and it has had two very courteous letters from him. He has spoken to certain authorities and done his best, but he does not think that much can be done. The trouble is, it seems, that this column lives only four hundred yards from the centre of the "instrument approach lane" to London Airport. "It is also in line with the main runway." "This means," says the Minister, "that when

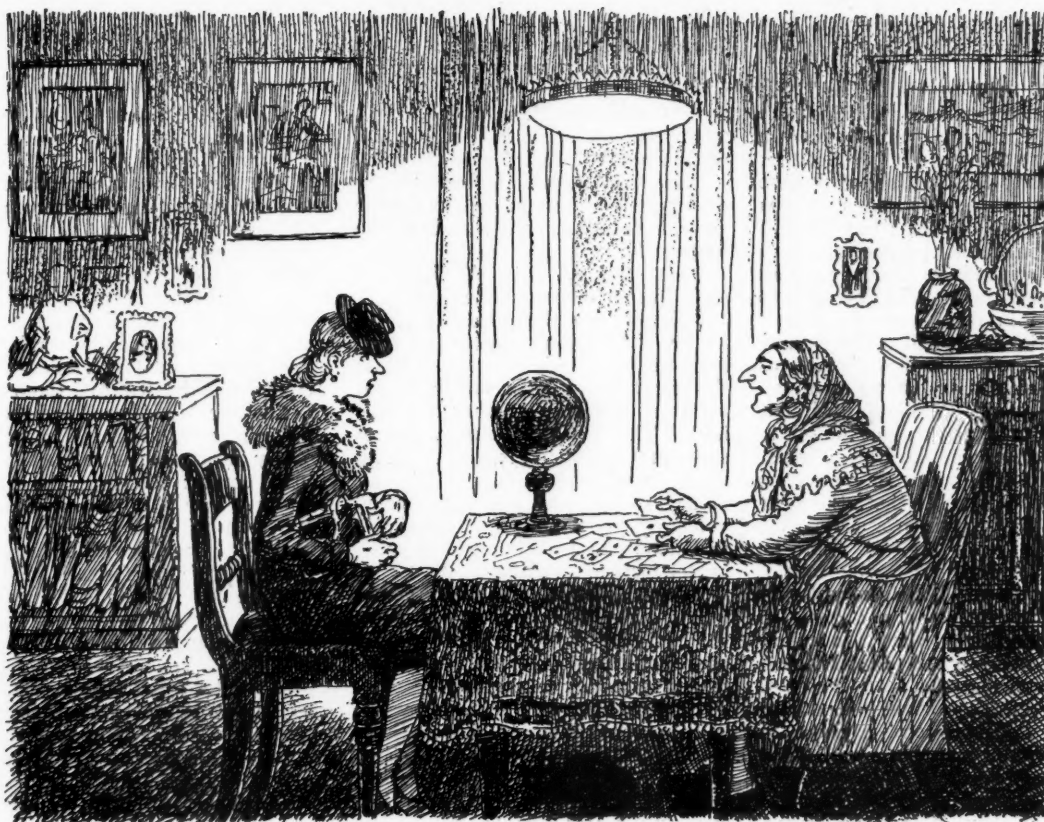
there is no wind or a wind which requires the use of the main runway, aircraft coming in to land are bound to fly closely over your valuable and public-spirited column. Moreover, as the airport is not very far away as far as flying is concerned, aircraft coming in to land are necessarily losing height as they come over your superb column's house. Normally, however, they should not be flying under 1,000 feet at that point."

(Will all aviationist readers please take special note of the last sentence, because they are very often under 1,000 feet, even when they are outward bound and have had about eight or nine miles in which to *gain* height.)

Well, this column thought it saw an easy way out of that. If the "instrument approach lane" lies over this column, it reckoned, it must also lie over the whole of the southern half of London—miles and miles of streets, and houses, millions of columns as well entitled to peace and quiet as this one. Can this be right? A few miles this way or that makes little difference to the bird-machines. Why should they not go round London—north or south? Shift the approach lane, so that it lies over open country. How simple! It might, this column realized, mean shifting the main runway too: but a little matter like that would not worry this column in the cause of cosmic quiet.

Alas, the Minister has rejected the simple solution. It would be "impracticable and unsafe", he says, to "route aircraft via a northerly or southerly approach in order to avoid the London area." "The choice of the instrument approach path for London Airport is dictated by the direction of the runway in most common use: this in turn is in the direction of the prevailing wind, which is westerly."

So there you are. And now the only thing left seems to be to shift Heathrow. Otherwise, it seems, till the end of time, the Londoner must suffer an increasing procession of flying noises, larger and louder with every onward step of Progress. All this because some thoughtless ass insisted on putting London Airport due West of London, well knowing that the prevailing wind was westerly and that the "approach lane" would have to cross this column. That will show you what this column means by the Arrogance of the Air. Do you suppose they gave the smallest thought to the question of noise over this column, not to mention the possibility of their dratted machines coming down in flames on this column's house? The betting is against it. Or perhaps they did—and decided that London's



"I shall have to charge you a little extra—you're going to marry a millionaire."

comfort did not matter. Take your choice, uncountable readers.

However, we can still make a nuisance of ourselves, and so perhaps keep the pests a few feet higher. Let all who feel as this column does have some field-glasses handy (you are excused the sextant), dash out now and then, take their numbers, make a note of the time, approximate course and height, and write (or, if sufficiently enraged, telephone) to the Ministry. This column has just done this with success. The Ministry courteously received the complaint, identified the offender, arranged, it seems, for a rebuke, and thanked this column.

And this column has another good notion. The man next-door has a queer but rather charming vice. He loves firing off rockets. Not long ago he had fifty rockets made for him. He would come home, feeling bonhomous, after a good day's work or a jolly evening, go out into the garden and quietly discharge a rocket. *Sheer joie de vivre*. Sometimes, after a very good day, he would let off two. Alas, this

practice also disturbed the local ladies, who said they had enough fireworks during the war. Besides, they said, it made their cats and dogs afraid to go out at night. Indeed, the first time it made this column jump out of the bath. So this column's neighbour, a public-spirited man, has given up his simple pleasure, except on special occasions, like this column's daughter's wedding, when he sent a note round the neighbourhood to give official notice that a rocket would be discharged at 2300 B.S.T. And this column cannot see why he should not discharge a rocket whenever a real chimney-scraper comes over us at night. For the ladies will be awake and alarmed already. And if an aeroplane is flying low enough to be hit by an amateur rocket it must be flying so low that it will not have much of a case for complaint (not that the point has ever been settled in court, so far as this column knows). That, then, is the plan, dear aviationists. You have been warned.

And, of course, if you could contrive

to make your machines a *little* less noisy, we would willingly call the whole thing off. A. P. H.

Peacock and Nightingale

LOOK at the eyes look from my tail!
What other eyes could look so well?

A peacock asks a nightingale.

And how my feathers twist the sun!
Confess that no one—no, no one
Has ever seen such colour spun.

Who would not fall in ecstasy
Before the gemmed enamelry
Of ruby-topaz-sapphire me?

When my proud tail parades its fan
You, little bird, are merely an
Anachronism in its van.

Let me advise that you be wise,
Avoid the vision of my eyes.

And then the nightingale replies.

Advice to the Young

"MY boy," said a father, "you are now going out into the world, and I must warn you against two things. Don't think that I am finding fault with you: I have never noticed any tendency in you towards either of them: but I ought to warn you against them none the less. They are, as you have perhaps guessed, industry and thrift. The first of these may seem in itself harmless, but it leads to the other, and is not a thing to be indulged, even if it did not; as appeared the other day, when a man recklessly built a house, without waiting for permits, and let himself in for very serious trouble. But, as I said, it leads to thrift, and when a man has anything to do with that, the next thing that happens in every case, with lamentable regularity, is that he accumulates savings. Saving, again, may seem to you harmless, and that is why I warn you so gravely against it. It is the last step but one in the Rake's Progress; and any man that has savings is trembling upon the last step of all. He invests those savings. And from that moment he is a rentier. There are such men in all countries, pariahs that a government, with the best will in the world, has not yet been able to round up, slinking about the edges of towns, a menace to all political theories."

"What kind of men?" asked the boy.

"They have different names in different countries," said his father; "in France *les spives*, *el espiva* in

Spain, *i spivatos* in Italy, *spivyides* in Greece, and so on. But surely your mother must have warned you against them."

"She said something about men I might meet after dark in Port Said and certain parts of Paris," said the son.

"Exactly," said his father. "They collect money there in certain sinister ways, in order to invest it and become rentiers."

"But, father," said the boy, "I shouldn't make money like that!"

"That is not the point," said his father. "It doesn't matter how you make it. It is what you do with it that matters. I mean saving it, and investing it. That is what does the harm. That is what sets up a class of spivs and drones and rentiers, or, in a single word, capitalists. And if any money should ever happen to come your way, you can always deal with it in a manner that will do no harm, such as, for instance, such as . . ."

"But, father," said the young fellow, "you were brought up under the capitalist system. Are you sure that you knew the best ways of rendering money innocuous?"

"We had methods," said the parent. "Perhaps they differed a bit from those of to-day. But they were quite effective. Use your own methods; but never let money accumulate to an amount that can even tempt you to become an investor. It is easy to divert it; and, if you should find any difficulty in doing so, you can always ask the advice of other young fellows. In my day—but never mind that. You can use your own methods."

ANON.

Le Cheval de M. Pontiac

IN the bus it was very cheerful and very hot. For the finer flowers of chivalry no room could be found whatever, but a farmer's wife of about two hundred pounds sat with delicate formality on my left knee. My companion got off more lightly with a brace of duck. There was a very beautiful lady who had spent the afternoon at the *coiffeur*, and was relating a minor rural scandal with an admirable amplitude of detail. And there was a giant with a black beard and the face of a saint who exclaimed gravely to nobody in particular, each time we took a corner: "*Courage, mes enfants, courage!*" in a voice which seemed to issue from the soles of his brown *espadrilles*. I made a little feeble conversation with the farmer's wife, but she appeared to feel that in sitting upon my knee she had already gone to the unwritten social limit. One grew drowsy.

We awoke from a long refreshing sleep to note with pleasure from a road-sign that Bougainville was no more than three kilometres away. It was not until we pulled into a strange village twenty minutes later that I began to feel uneasy.

"At what hour, if all goes well," I asked, "should we arrive at Bougainville?"

"Bougainville?" echoed the conductor, with all the passion of a Latin Irving.

"Bougainville?" echoed the driver, turning to the company.

"Bougainville?" echoed the entire bus, in the most friendly consternation.

"We were told to take the 1805 for Dieppe," I said, foolishly.

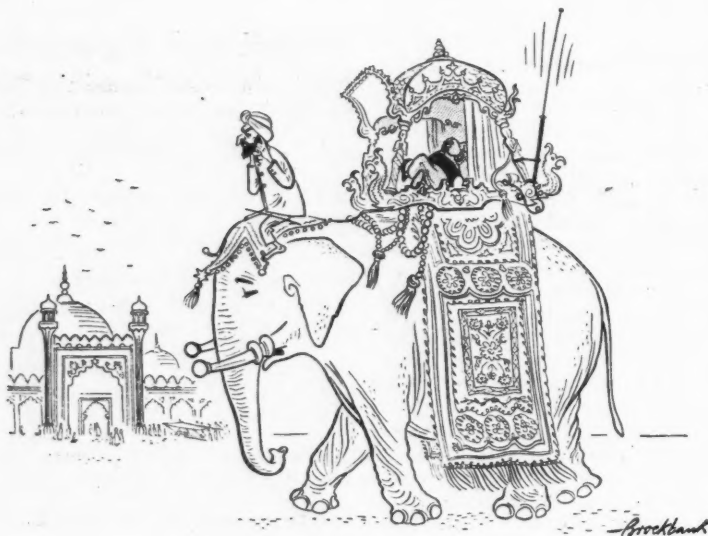
"Hélas!" cried the conductor. "This is the 1805 for Dieppe. But the 1805 for Dieppe, by Bougainville, left from the next *quai*. Bougainville is now fifteen kilometres away!"

"I suppose we could walk," suggested my companion.

"God forbid, madame! That is an idea to be banished from the mind!"

The bus now emptied and a council of war formed itself readily in the middle of the street. And in case the weight of so much wisdom was not enough, three men who had been feverishly undermining a gutter came hurrying down their ladders to join us.

"This is a tragedy of the first order," declared the driver, "bringing nothing but shame upon us. With how much delight would I turn aside out of my





course, if the penalty would not be of the heaviest!"

"My dear sir!" I murmured. "It is an exquisite evening. Do not distress yourself."

"*Mais attendez, monsieur.* In the red house after that white one lives M. Durand, the *garagiste*. He is a man of the most redoubtable goodwill."

With all but the dead duck we shook hands cordially. Many were the expressions of concern, and of the warmest regard. . . .

M. Durand was hoeing onions in his weedless garden. When I described our plight I thought sorrow would undo him.

"But without *pneus*, and without *essence*, what is the life of a *garagiste*?" he cried. "One hope remains. At the penultimate house on the left, the one with the geraniums, you will find M. Pontiac. And assuredly he will harness his horse in so necessary a cause. . . ."

We could hear the melancholy notes of M. Pontiac's flute before we reached his door. He sat at a table with a small carafe of cider before him, giving the impression that he had been doing nothing else for a large number of years. He seemed to welcome the idea of action.

"In the last event," he said, pouring out two more glasses of cider, "the decision naturally will rest with Alphonse. But by all means let us make the endeavour."

By the time we had finished our drink there was a heavy clattering on the cobbles outside, and we found a vast dappled animal regarding us with undisguised repugnance. Behind him was a high gig with a white canvas hood.

"*En voiture!*" commanded M. Pontiac, hospitably. The three of us sat side by side. As we swept round the church and across the bridge a small

knot of villagers before the *Bourrel-lerie-Cellerie* honoured us with a light cheer. Alphonse's action was less speedy than the length of his legs and the butter-fat of his quarters suggested. The movement of the gig was as if meeting an angry sea head-on. M. Pontiac said little, clutching the reins purposefully in his horny hands, a hint of anxiety creasing the fine lines of his weathered face. On either side the rich Norman pasturage curved away out of the valley, bright with the blaze of apple blossom.

We had proceeded for perhaps ten minutes when Alphonse stopped dead in his tracks and, twisting his massive neck, treated us to as unethical a leer as ever I wish to see on the face of a mere horse. M. Pontiac sighed deeply.

"It is as I feared," he exclaimed. "At the period of the Pentecost he is invariably much troubled in spirit. M. le Curé declares it is the excessive ringing of the bells which afflicts him. At such a time he is to a quite extraordinary degree dead to the demands of logic."

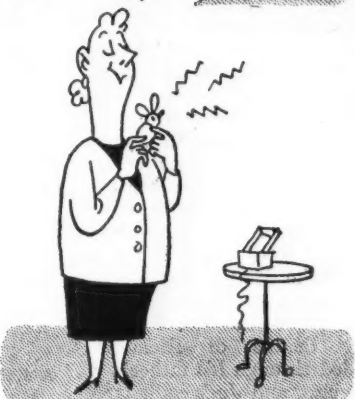
"You do not think a pin, judiciously employed—? Or a conflagration organized beneath the *estomac*?" I asked.

"A fire of immense proportions all the way from here to Bougainville would be required, monsieur."

"Then there is nothing to be done?" we said.

"Nothing," replied M. Pontiac, brokenly, "but absolutely nothing." There were real tears in his eyes. He was a man of unquestionable goodwill.

It was not an evening for any further quibbling with destiny. And so, having shaken both of M. Pontiac's hands and ignored the baleful triumph of Alphonse, we set out to climb the long road over the down, the setting sun casting the shadows of our suit-cases far up the hill before us. ERIC.



IT is strange that in one week we should be given two sides of the same medal, disillusionment breaking up the love between father and son, after the war; and in plays which are both of exceptional, though quite different, quality.

In *All My Sons*, which has come to the Lyric, Hammersmith, from America, and will surely go on to the West End, the father does the letting down. Joe is a small-town manufacturer who has made money in the war, has knowingly passed out faulty engines to the Air Corps and allowed his partner to go to gaol for it. But Joe, as his author, Mr. ARTHUR MILLER, perfectly demonstrates, isn't just a rogue. He is a very complicated person, a kind of American Card who happens to slip up on his dishonesty as Arnold Bennett would never have let him slip, a kindly man blinded by love of his family to all moral obligations outside it. One of his sons is missing, the other comes back a hero, and to him, his greatest friend, he proudly dedicates his business. Except that his wife cannot believe that her son is dead, they are a happy, suburban family. Then Chris becomes engaged to his brother's fiancée, the daughter of Joe's partner. She is obliged to divulge a letter from the dead boy telling her he is about to crash his plane in shame at the deaths of friends killed through his father's engines, and Joe's guilt is established. After a terrible scene with Chris, he shoots himself. Those are

only the bare bones of a story that is told very sensitively and with unwavering dramatic skill. I found it curiously moving. There are moments, as during Joe's hysteria and his wife's strange outspokenness about her missing son, when one feels "This couldn't happen here," but at any rate Mr. MILLER persuades one that it could happen in America. The acting is first-rate. Mr. JOSEPH CALLEIA gives a magnificent performance as Joe, and Miss MARGALO GILLMORE, Mr. RICHARD LEECH, and Miss HARRIETTE JOHNS

At the Play

All My Sons (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)—*The Paragon* (FORTUNE)—*The Master Builder* (WESTMINSTER)

are only a little way behind. Mr. WARREN JENKINS produced, expertly.

It seems harsh to a play as clever as Messrs. ROLAND and MICHAEL PERTWEE's *The Paragon*, at the Fortune, to say that it is the less good of the two. The difference doesn't lie in effectiveness in the theatre, for both plays grip,

accomplished thriller. The real interest, I take it, is the relationship between father and son, and I feel this is somewhat shirked in the rough-and-tumble end in which the son dies. But that the play is exceedingly dramatic there is not the slightest doubt. Acting, again excellent. Mr. WALTER FITZGERALD is tremendously good as the tough, honest, self-made father, Mr. HUGH BURDEN gives a brilliant sketch of neurotic desperation, and Miss RACHEL KEMPSON, Miss ELIZABETH KENTISH, Mr. ANTHONY MARLOWE and Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER all distinguish themselves, the last-named as another of those impoverished but buoyant peers to whom post-war comedy is growing increasingly indebted. Mr. NORMAN MARSHALL's production is a precision job.

IBSEN's plays are such closely fitting jig-saws that every part must be presented in exactly the right shape. It isn't enough to have the main parts polished and tooled and the rest in the rough, which is what happens in *The Master Builder* at the Westminster, where Mr. DONALD WOLFIT and Miss ROSALIND IDEN give us *Solness* and *Hilda* vividly but are supported by a company lacking the skill to point the minor subtleties vital to the balance of IBSEN. The production at the Arts last year was much better, and if a club can do it there seems little excuse for the play's being less tellingly cast at a West End theatre.

Mr. WOLFIT's *Solness* is powerful, tortured, and convincingly on the edge of mental disorder. One is left no room for doubt that here is a man of imagination and pity, but eaten up by the most cankerous egotism. Some of the force of Mr. WOLFIT's rendering is lost in a tendency to overdo certain tricks of voice and manner, but nevertheless he takes and holds the character admirably. Miss IDEN's *Hilda* is one of her best performances: spontaneous and beautifully spoken. In view of the material at his disposal Mr. PETER COTES produces competently. ERIC.



(The Master Builder)

A HIGHER COMMISSION FOR THE MASTER BUILDER

Hilda Wangel MISS ROSALIND IDEN
Halvard Solness MR. DONALD WOLFIT

but in poetry and depth. *All My Sons* has much more to say about humanity, whereas the tension—the constant tension—of *The Paragon* is based on horror and physical suspense rather than on sympathy. It is written with insight and intelligence, it has quick humour and pathos, but in parts of it the question whether the blind magnate will discover that his supposedly heroic son has returned from the dead a deserter and a murderer, is allowed to reduce the real interest of the play to the level of an

At the Opera

Boris Godunov (COVENT GARDEN) *The Beggar's Opera* (PLAYHOUSE, OXFORD)

TO shut oneself up with a piano and the score of *Boris Godunov*—the score as MUSSORGSKY left it, freed from the embellishments and polishings of Rimsky-Korsakov—and to recreate it scene by scene in the opera-house of the imagination, is to realize afresh what a tremendous work it is. All the terrors of medieval religion are woven into it, dark and sinister shapes rise up from its pages and a sense of suffering and oppression that weighs one down. The leading actor in the drama is the Russian people, like some great inchoate beast wounded unto death, writhing and thrashing about in agony. As one reads and plays over this wonderful, terrifying score, images crowd upon one another with a profusion and vividness almost unbearable, as if a tempest were gathering and soon would burst, or a great edifice come crashing down upon one's head: the savagery of the soldiers with their cudgels, the barbaric clangour of the bells of the Kremlin, the aloofness of the monk *Pimen* as he sits in his cell through the watches of the night writing, writing, writing; the blood-stained wraith of the murdered Tsar-evitch, the staircase that haunts the dreams of *Grigory* and the icy fear that closes in upon *Boris*; and all the while in the background the mob, crazed with misery, ready to wreak senseless and bloody vengeance for its wrongs upon any that cross its path, and crying its woes to heaven in the heart-rending song of the *Idiot*. One closes the score at the end almost with relief.

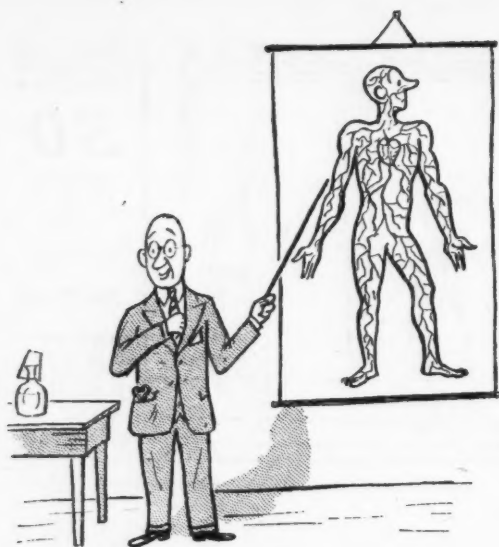
The Covent Garden production of *Boris* contains its full share of surprises when one sees it before one has fully emerged from the penumbra of the work as revealed by such an exploration of the score. The excellent Covent Garden chorus sings almost too well; for the Neolithic savages with whom the score has peopled one's mind do not express their feelings with such refinement of tone—but PETER BROOK's handling of the crowd-scenes is splendid. The stage bells, with their vague ringers and their chimes coming foggily and hollowly from a loud-speaker—these are, to say the least, unconvincing. And did *Boris* and his children live in a bandstand? No wonder the *Nurse* is muffled up to the ears in furs. But these are small things. The big surprises are all pleasant ones. The most important one of all is that PAOLO SILVERI's Italian voice has

taken on a Russian depth and colour and that he has a commanding stage personality and a dramatic force that will make his *Boris* very fine indeed when it has matured. His death-scene grips one powerfully by the throat, and in this he is helped by the imagination of the producer and a stage design by WAKHEVITCH that is nothing short of superb. In it the all-pervading sense of religious terror, of which *Boris* is as much the victim as his people, is brought to a climax. The effect is overwhelming, and would in itself mark this production with distinction; but the whole opera is well—if not always brilliantly—cast. There is in DAVID FRANKLIN a *Pimen* of dignity and serenity, an excellent *Pretender* in EDGAR EVANS, and HOWELL GLYNNE has added to his rich gallery of character-roles an excellent specimen of a tipping, bottle-nosed, vagabond

friar, *Varlaam*. Musically *Boris Godunov* is the best thing that KARL RANKL has given us so far, and PETER BROOK has had his imagination so kindled by MUSSORGSKY that he fires that of his audience too.

It is a far cry from *Boris Godunov* to *The Beggar's Opera*—farther than London is from Oxford, where the Oxford University Opera Club presented Professor DENT's new version of Dr. PEPUSCH's ballad opera as part of Oxford's festival of British music. It was given with great gusto by the undergraduate cast, whose enjoyment was very catching. But they were not all by any means equal to their task, though the production was lively, the chorus good, WILLIAM PATRICK a very personable *Macheath* and STELLA HICHENS a dainty and pretty *Polly*. D. C. B.





"So you can see what the Government is letting itself in for."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

John Law

IN *The Amazing Story of John Law* (HOME AND VAN THAL, 16/-) Mr. MONTGOMERY HYDE has given an account both sympathetic and entertaining of the Scot who rose to be financial dictator of France during the regency of Orleans. Montesquieu, who met Law in his later years, described him as "a captious man who must argue," and the frontispiece of this book shows him as particularly tough and opinionated. But he was a financial genius, not a financial adventurer, and was sincerely interested in the welfare of his adopted country, at least to the extent of hoping that the experiments which he initiated would turn out successfully. "The bank created by the adventurous Scotsman," Mr. HYDE writes, "became the prototype of the Bank of France . . . He introduced the bank-note into French commercial life . . . He familiarized the French people with methods of dealing in futures and on margin . . ." Unfortunately his famous Mississippi Company, in itself a brilliant conception, so inflamed the French imagination with visions of boundless and immediate wealth that the inevitable backwash tore Law from his moorings, and he was lucky to get out of France alive. England, which had just experienced the South Sea Bubble, was not in the right mood to welcome him, and he finally settled in Venice, where (he reflected in unexpectedly poetic language) he should have spent his life, in song and love-making, "and so heedlessly coming to die as one suddenly comes up against the night on the threshold of a doorway."

H. K.

The Dilettante's Holland

When Augustus John grumbled at Sir Joshua and the other Georgians for their blindness to the magnificent peasant costumes they must have met on their European

travels, he forgot that most artists, like most other men, dread the dispersal of their professional interests far more than they welcome an enlargement of them. One cannot imagine, even now, anyone but a Sitwell writing Mr. SACHEVERELL SITWELL's fine book on *The Netherlands* (BATSFORD, 18/-). For this is an argosy of æsthetic plunder: of painted, tiled and gilded rooms in discreet old houses; of glittering worshippers in cold mosque-like churches; of Persian tulips and Turkish ranunculus spangling a land "fished to shore," as Marvell said, without trees or mountains. Other travellers have noted Holland's exterior restraint. Mr. SITWELL has stressed its inner exuberance, and traced that exuberance to its colonial—mainly oriental—sources. His fellow connoisseurs will have no fault to find with this enchanting study and its many and rare photographs. The rest of us might prefer to meet more men and women than the author's passion for their effects permits: especially as when he does deviate into history—over a Jacobite exile dying by the Zuyder Zee or a Rembrandtesque race of Friesland heretics still flourishing pacifically in Pennsylvania—he has an equally memorable way with him.

H. P. E.

Reginald McKenna

In the preface to the memoir of his uncle, *Reginald McKenna* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 16/-), Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA says that the attitude of his uncle to a biography of himself was "one of completely passive, dumb indifference." A distinguished Liberal politician, and during the last twenty-five years of his life, which ended in 1943, the Chairman of the Midland Bank, Reginald McKenna lacked, as with his admirable judgment he appears to have realized, the human qualities which give life to a biography. His nephew, a skilful writer, has done his best, but such interest as this book possesses is political, not biographical. As First Lord of the Admiralty under Asquith, McKenna fought for more Dreadnoughts, being alive to the threat from Germany long before most of his colleagues. He was opposed by Lloyd George, and also by Winston Churchill, who later admitted that McKenna had been right, and he and Lloyd George had been wrong. In the struggle for power between Lloyd George and Asquith, McKenna was on Asquith's side, and fell with him. As a man, apart from a deep attachment to his twin-brother Ernest, Reginald McKenna, as presented in this book, seems very much shut up within himself. The most interesting personal trait noted by his biographer is revealed in his remark that he liked staying with rich people. "If they've made their money, I want to know how they've made it. If they've inherited it, I want to know how they've kept it."

H. K.

Worlds Not Realized

It is hardly enough to illuminate the dark corners of life, as Mr. GERALD BULLETT does so deftly, if the corners are to relapse into a more malign obscurity the minute the flickering light is withdrawn. Most of Mr. BULLETT's corners contain something as apprehensive, puzzled and miserable as an unjustly punished child. Yet we are not all of us injured innocents; and if we cannot master fate, a certain amount of buoyancy can be got out of mastering ourselves. *Men at High Table and The House of Strangers* (DENT, 9/-) are admirably suited to display their author's delicate execution. One "novel" is really a symposium of short stories. The other is a long short story concerned with a literary editor's research into the background of a young poetess. Both are concerned with such intimations

of immortality (and morality) as remain to "educated people" nowadays. But the believers are mere butts for their opposite numbers. The Master of Pentecost is no match for those whose creed is "one rather feels"; and the most illuminating comment on religious education comes from the child poetess's school diary: "Chapel is compulsory. They know all about God here. The weather is too wet to go out much, but he likes us to play hockey."

H. P. E.

Round About Fleet Street

In *Temple Bar Tapestry* (RICH AND COWAN, 16/-) Mr. SIMON DEWEES has given a cheerful, pleasant, far from pedantically accurate account of the literary and historical associations of Fleet Street and its environs. His method is to picture himself, round about the end of the war, acting as conductor to an American soldier from Los Angeles, Sergeant George Ribbett, who has a nostalgic affection for England and a good deal of miscellaneous information about all kinds of persons from Edmund Waller to Mrs. Delany. ("She was Swift's friend and Burke's and John Wesley's . . . She had no handle to her name, but she could go to places and was welcomed in places where some people with handles were not tolerated.") So Ribbett is not merely a bucket to be pumped into by his English informant, and his frequent interruptions, and tolerably searching questions and demurrers preserve the reader from the coma which an unbroken spate of information about the illustrious dead tends to induce. Among the personages exhibited are Ben Jonson ("a genius who had not the rather forbidding characteristics of a Shakespeare"), Samuel Johnson ("Being a very great man, he knew his own intolerance and pomposity"), Sheridan, who is credited with the authorship of "She Stoops to Conquer," Charles Lamb, whose schooldays in Fetter Lane are charmingly described, Sir Christopher Wren, to whose struggles and magnificent achievement justice is done, and unquestionably the two most discreditable figures in the history of Fleet Street, Elizabeth Brownrigge and Sweeney Todd, the demon barber.

H. K.

Hackled Wanderings

Philandering Angler (HURST AND BLACKETT, 12/6) is such a careless book that one wonders if its author ever read his proofs. Beginning with a quotation from Llewelyn Powis (*sic*), it goes on to put Fairford on the Bourne, to do injury to the names of wines, to speak of the master browser as "Brilli at Savarin," and to indulge in the oddest mis-spellings, particularly when the words are French. The philandering side of it is in poor taste where the reminiscences are personal, and tedious with a kind of pawing gallantry in its approach to the maids of inn and river-bank, whose comeliness and probable complacency are scheduled untiringly. On the other hand when he confines himself to fishing Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN writes very well. He seems to suffer from the popular delusion, surprising in view of his wide angling experience, that the better chalk-streams are hideouts of opulent philistines; but there is no doubt about his understanding of both the excitements and the philosophic delights of fishing, and of his ability to convey the soul-shaking drama of playing a game-fish in difficult water on light tackle. He has had the most enviable opportunities and made the best of them, and this book describes his adventures on small rivers and large, here and in America and on the Continent. By no means a purist, he is obviously a thinking angler, and fly-fishermen will find much to interest them in his book. And so will

gastronomes, if they can bear the stresses of vicarious pleasure. Mr. DENYS WATKINS-PITCHFORD's illustrations are below his usual high standard, but are still very pleasant.

E. O. D. K.

"Great Morgan's Fame"

Herself an intrepid voyager, Miss ROSITA FORBES has found, in *Sir Henry Morgan, Pirate and Pioneer* (CASSELL, 17/6), a hero very much to her liking. Nor, being also a writer of fiction, is she greatly embarrassed by the gaps and contradictions in the story of that violent and resourceful man's career as told by his contemporaries. If she may be acquitted of invention, she gives her imagination the freest play, drawing at times but a faint and wavering line between certainty and conjecture. Her pages abound in "may haves" and "must haves"; and, after having admitted that "it may be that Henry Morgan . . . never went to Tortuga at all," she can gaily begin her very next chapter with "When Henry Morgan reached Tortuga . . ." Such lack of scruple will inevitably shock the historical purist; yet even he will probably allow that Miss FORBES, like her admirable illustrator, Mr. J. S. GOODALL, has been true to the spirit of time and place. Her local colour has been studied on the spot and, if it is something garish, so was the figure which it environs. To the tale of a sensational man a sensational method is appropriate; and so we are spared none of the horrors of Puerto Bello, Maracaibo or Panama. Morgan's part in these was, Miss FORBES would have us believe, a sin rather of permission than of commission: that he was the conscious father of the British Commonwealth of Nations is another of her challenging assumptions.

F. B.



"Right. That leaves you thirty-four pounds nineteen and eleven for a start."



"My uncle's fixed me up with a job as special investigator into the extent of nepotism."

Time on Their Hands

ON the third floor landing a girl in bright green was standing under the notice, "Wakey-Wakey Alarums," inspecting her fingernails. She asked me, scarcely looking up, if I had come for a clock.

"With one," I said, and waved my parcel. Idling on one heel, she regarded it dispassionately.

"I'm at dinner by rights," she said. Producing a small mirror she mouthed a few E's into it silently before continuing. "Gone wrong, has it?"

"It keeps stopping," I said.

"Stops," said the girl.

"And when it goes it loses."

"Don't keep time, like."

"And the glass comes out."

"Loose glass." The girl nodded, following me perfectly, but it was impossible to judge whether the information surprised or even interested

her. "Oh, well, you'll want while you wait, won't you," she said, and with that faint sway of the head used by screen bad men to propose a colloquy elsewhere she led me along the passage to a door marked "Wakey-Wakey While-U-Wait. Office." As we reached it two dumpy girls with sharply crimped hair rushed out. "Oo, that switchboard," said one. "Buzz, buzz, buzz. I stopped answerin'." The other said that Miss Pooley had been giving them all apples again, and that there was a message from Len in the drawer.

"Where's Mr. Seidbaum?" said the girl in green as they began to clatter down the stairs. "Where's Mr. Seidbaum?"

Behind the counter of the high, narrow office half a dozen girls sat at typewriters. Only one was typing, the

rest cross-pumped the air full of films, stockings, young love, Miss Pooley's philanthropy and the sacred whims of Mr. Seidbaum. The girl stopped typing and slumped in her chair, frowning. "Honestly, though," she said, "do you reckon I ought to go on putting 'With fondest love'? I mean, after what he done at Freda's party?"

The girl in green took the clock from under my arm and unwrapped it. She shook it and it began to tick uncertainly as the switchboard set up a sudden buzzing. "Shut up, you," she said, flicking up a shutter; then, into the microphone, "Gimme the shop, Winnie."

"I'm putting 'Yours and cetera,'" said the girl at the typewriter, rattling briefly. "Cool 'im off a spell."

"Have you got Mr. Seidbaum?" said the girl in green, taking a small

apple off the counter and biting it sharply. "Oh, did he? Yes . . . I know, the soppy things . . . They've gone to dinner. Who did? Oh, well . . . you know what Len's like when he's like that, like. Okay, so long, Perce."

She opened a drawer and read with concentration from a slip of paper. "Honestly," she said, screwing it up. There was a burst of laughter from the other end of the room. "Who's on Barrett and Coles?" she shouted, turning her back on me. Nobody answered, but a girl with steel-rimmed glasses said loudly "And then it was only the one-and-nines, after all that." The girl in green screamed "Who's doing Barretts?"

I coughed.

"Oh, yes," she said, snatching up my clock. She went down the room and disappeared through a glass door, singing moodily, "I'm an old cow-hand . . . de-doo-de-doo-doo . . . from the Rio Grande." The switchboard buzzed insistently and the girls called one another's attention to it, with banter. The girl who had been typing said "Go on, Mona. You can work the soppy thing." Mona, a fat girl with straight hair, said "I can't work the soppy thing," but nevertheless began to make her way heavily towards the switchboard. Just as she reached it the buzzing expired on three long, plaintive notes; there was some nervous giggling at the anti-climax, and Mona threw her apple-core booming into a steel waste-paper bin to cover her confusion. As she settled in her seat by the glass door the girl in green reappeared saying "Winding-shafts, winding-shafts. Bert says what about them winding-shafts."

She was empty-handed, I noticed. When she got to me she delivered the verdict impassively. "Been dropped," she said.

"But I'd only had it a week. I haven't—"

"They reckon it's been dropped, see?"

"But I—"

"Dropped it," said the girl.

"Stopped it."

"But look here—"

"Something's broke."

"Oh."

"Inside, like. Inside the clock. You'll have to leave it."

I looked at my watch. I had now given up all idea of having any lunch that day. I asked if the repair would come under the Wakey-Wakey While-U-Wait service, and the girl said "Oh, yes," stifling a yawn behind a genteel hand.

"How long?"

"How long what?"

Their heads together over a filing-cabinet drawer, the fat girl and two others had been inaudibly chanting; now they suddenly burst out jubilantly with "Doin' what comes nat'rally!" and engaged in playful pushings and shushings.

"How long," I elaborated, "should I have to wait?"

"Three weeks," said the girl in green.

"I never heard such impertinent nonsense in all my life."

"Thank you," said the girl, turning away. Then, ears and brain co-ordinating, she turned back, her eyes and mouth wide with amazement. The other girls, I saw, had been similarly stricken, standing and sitting in attitudes of waxen immobility. An alarm-clock started to ring, somewhere not far away.

"Three weeks!" I said. "I'll give you three minutes!"

The ringing now seemed nearer, and I saw that it came from beneath the arm of a short, dark, square man in a suit of bold stripes, who had entered the room behind me. As the sound ceased abruptly another sound took its place, a sibilant rustling in the room, the sound of reverent voices whispering the name of Seidbaum. Soft-footed he went through the counter pass-door and down the room, where he took Mona by the elbow and pushed her before him through the glass door. There was neither sound nor movement in the high, narrow office until she returned, carrying a Wakey-Wakey alarm.

"Mr. Seidbaum," she said, placing the clock in my hands, "says a replacement with 'is compliments.'"

"Thank you," I said, with a bow.

"Mr. Seidbaum says it isn't very unsatisfactory for neither you nor us, not having a clock what won't go."

"Thank you," I said again. "I think I know what Mr. Seidbaum is trying to say." And with a parting glance at the girl in green, now pale to the finger-nails, I made a triumphant exit.

On my way home I handled the clock with care, not wishing it to go off in public. So far, however, it has not even gone off in private. It keeps stopping; when it does go it loses; the glass comes out. And although I telephone Wakey-Wakey Alarums every day I can get nothing out of them but nervous giggles and the sound of people eating small apples.

J. B. B.

Lucky Dip

"172. A dust-bin and contents."
Auction-sale catalogue.

Eire's Influx

INFLUX is a short word we use here in Ireland for tourist traffic. Eire is another short word which in Irish means all Ireland but in English only the southern twenty-six counties. Tourists are also referred to here as overseas visitors, usually by people with an international outlook who like to convey an impression that we live at one of the cross-roads of the world. In practice, however, the influx consists of English tourists and others, and no notice need be taken of the others. Previously we used to call English visitors an invasion, so the new word shows how times change.

Most of our visitors would not have come here at all if they could have gone anywhere else. We owe them to the international situation. Some people think we ought to do all we can to encourage them to come back again even when more alternatives are open. Others point out that if we did do a lot to encourage them and they did not come back it would be a waste. Other people think we do enough for them as it is.

In Dublin some places are now left entirely to visitors: Nelson's pillar, the National Gallery, certain restaurants, and the side of Westmoreland street where you queue for sailing tickets. To say nothing of them having the whole city to themselves between midnight and about 10 A.M.

Some of the people who think we ought to provide more attractions for tourists are only making them an excuse for having things they would like themselves, such as bathing-pools, bands and night-life. Others see in tourists an opening for national culture.

The visitors themselves seem, generally speaking, to be divided into three classes: (a) those who are interested in our national culture, (b) those who can take it if necessary, (c) those who are no more interested in it than the average native. The majority belong under (c); they are quite happy just shopping and eating, and give no trouble, except that sometimes when they stay in private houses their hosts develop dyspeptic tendencies through adopting the visitors' diet of chocolate, cream and eggs.

Visitors in class (b) like to be taken to the Abbey Theatre, or possibly to the Gate because they may have heard that it is more the place nowadays.

Visitors in class (a) may have heard that there have been changes at the Abbey and are willing to be taken there too. But sometimes they would rather go to hear a debate in the Dail, and this is apt to bore their Irish friends,

because few Irish citizens care to encourage politicians by listening to them, and it is hard to hear them in any case.

Although visitors can have the National Gallery to themselves, they may find some Irish citizens in the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, reading the account of our claim to the Lane pictures, which is displayed there in an empty room. The room is empty because the pictures might be sent over here any time and we must have somewhere to put them. Everybody agrees that they would prove an attraction to visitors, so the English really ought to let us have them for their own sakes.

English visitors are fairly easily recognized, even though when they first arrive they do not look very different from natives. Though shabby

and down at heel, they may be distinguished from us by having their hair cut, or elegantly waved, and by generally looking tidy. Then after a day or two one notices their new shoes. Sometimes it stops there, but usually the differences become more marked the longer they stay, women acquiring the New Look, and men breaking out into sporting scarves and waistcoats or handwoven ties and Aran Island pullovers. Visitors interested in folklore are sometimes seen taking surreptitious snapshots of other visitors dressed in Aran pullovers, under the impression that they are aborigines. It is less easy to deceive the Customs officers. The opposite mistake does sometimes occur, Irish citizens being mistaken by other Irish citizens for visitors. It is then instructive for the former to experience the charm exerted

on them by the latter, but it is a sad disappointment to both parties when they discover their misunderstanding.

As may be inferred from the above, English visitors need not be nervous about the reception they will get from the natives. They should not let anything they have heard about our history discourage them from coming. Anyone who admires Irish scenery, buys Irish goods, refrains from discussing Irish neutrality, laughs at our jokes and believes all our stories, and brings half a pound of tea with him can count on his welcome.

"A young Canadian lady receiving an American gentleman caller would prefer that he brought a tomato rather than an orchid."—*Belfast Telegraph*.

Less blandishment about it.



"I TOLD you there was nothing."

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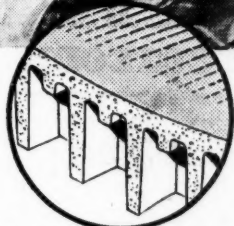
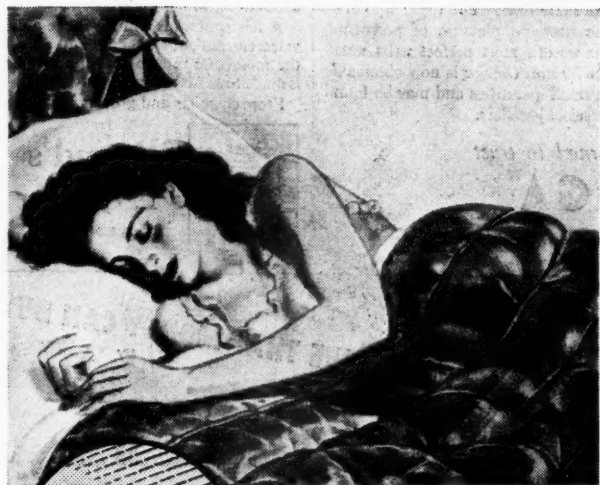
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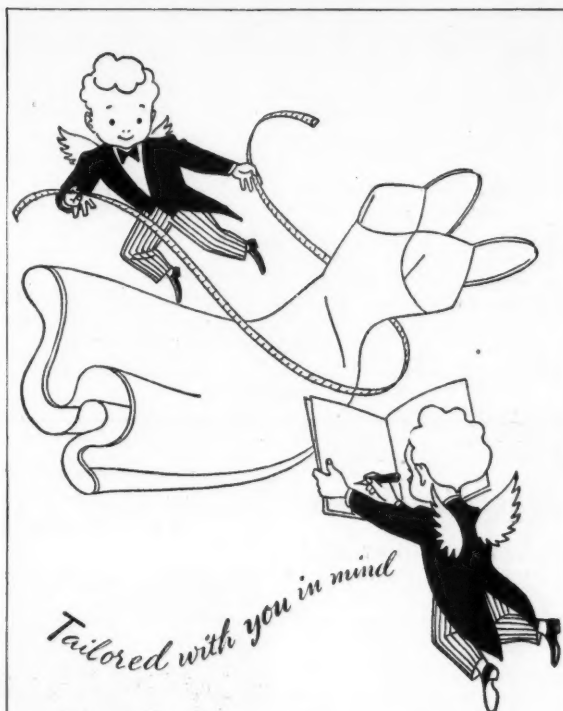
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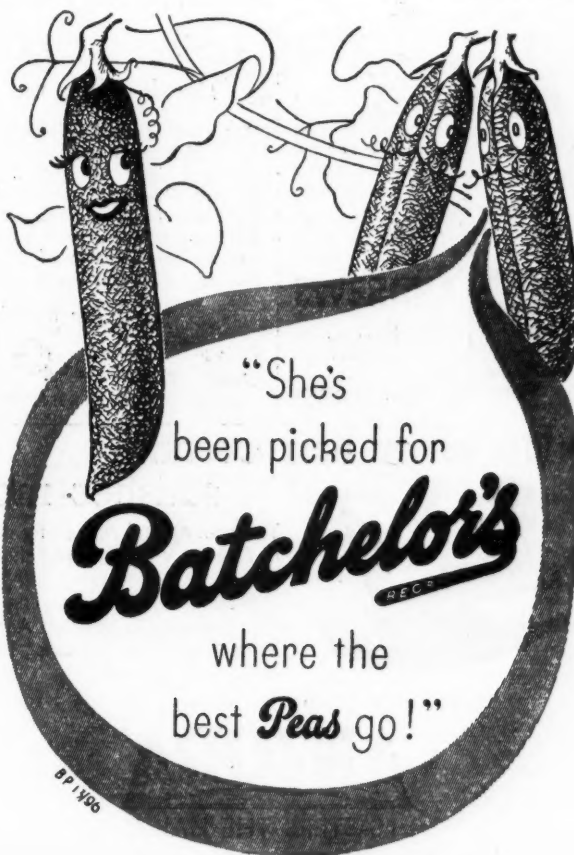
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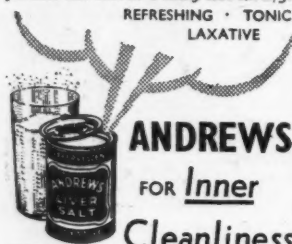
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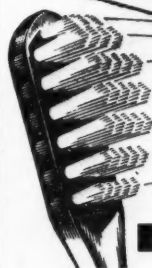
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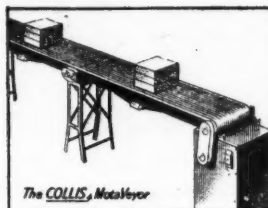
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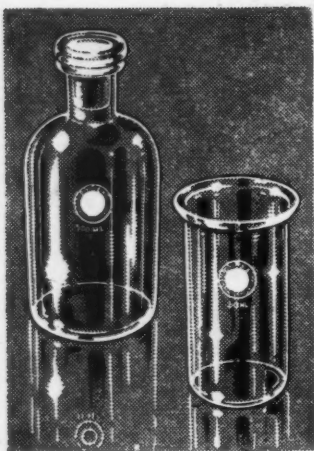
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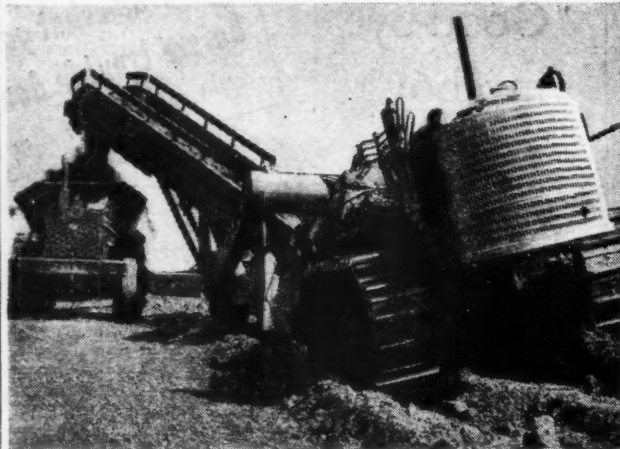
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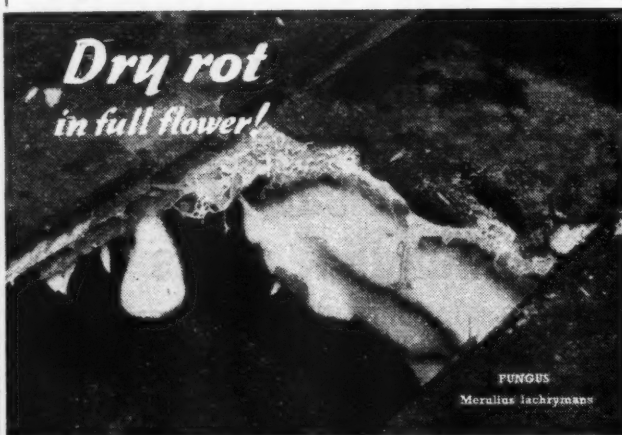


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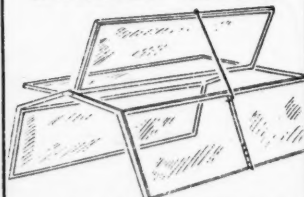
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